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BYRON.

PRIZE ESSAY: BY S. THOMPSON CORN, OF KENTUCKY.

The revolutions in Literature, Politics and Philosophy, which marked the latter part of last century, were the inspiration, and the life of a host of writers, all of whom were, in a greater or less degree, the creatures of their age, while many of them at the same time, left upon it a deep and permanent impress of their talents and opinions.

Pre-eminent in both of these particulars, stands the subject of our essay—Lord Byron. Cast, as it were, in the very mould of popular sentiment, and reflecting in his life and writings, every phase of popular opinion, he has yet stamped upon his every word and line, an intense personality, coloring all with the brightness and the blackness of his own genius.

With the latter point in view, it is plainly impossible to separate, without violence, in an essay of this kind, the character and career of the man, altogether from his writings. Indeed in the case of Byron, we have, in his poetry, a complete synopsis of the prominent events of his mind's and his spirit's history, inasmuch as each left

its peculiar impress upon his emotional nature. The "Hours of Idleness" contained but the feeble efforts of a sprightly boy, conscious of merit, yet ignorant of the high powers which he really possessed. The galling critique of the *Edinburg Review*, kindled into fierce excitement many of the worst passions of his nature, and calling into play the dormant powers of his mind, the stinging satire of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers flashed forth as the avenger of his wounded pride and vanity. The events of this period assisted, no doubt, to give to his mind that strong bias for evil, which ever after characterized it; and the misfortunes of a few years later, the troubles of his married life, and the bitterness of popular feeling which ensued, combined with the inevitable consequence of his career of vice and crime, engendered that settled misanthropy and despair, that scorn and contempt of all that is good and noble in humanity, which are the inspiration of "*Cain*," and of "*Manfred*," and indeed of all his later poems.

It has been said, and with much truth, that he never wrote without some reference direct or indirect to himself. He referred all things to his own gloomy standard, and fashioned all things after the distorted model of his own passions; every word and line that he ever wrote bears this seal, this sign-manual of the Byronic mind. It is seen in all his characters—in the stern misanthropy of *Lara*, in *Harold*, and in *Manfred* with his towering scorn of earth, and its sons of common clay.

Byron was incapable of a broad and comprehensive view of man, whether in his relations as a moral being, or as a member of society. Socially, if we may judge from his dramas, man is but a bundle of malignant passions, with here and there a virtue—a night with an occasional gleam of brightness, serving but to make its darkness visible. Woman is the plaything of this tyrant's mood, his love her meat and her drink, his word her des-

tiny, yet capable of that hate which springs from slighted love like the worm from the cankered fruit. Hence his total lack of dramatic power. His characters are not sharply nor strongly drawn. They do not stand out, each separate and distinct, each swelling with a distinctive, individual life. Any gloomy man at enmity with himself and with his fellow men, almost any other one indeed of Byron's characters, could have recited the speeches which Manfred utters with equal propriety, and without in any degree affecting that character in its leading features. It is not so with the productions of the great dramatists. Macbeth and Gloster are alike stained with crime, alike possessed of ill-gotten power, and alike tortured by the pangs of conscience, yet who could ever discover the slightest grounds of belief in the identity of the two characters. In reality, Byron does not portray character, but personifies some attribute of character; and those attributes, too, for the most part, which are prominently involved in his own peculiar constitution. All these impersonations are but chips as it were from the original block, Lord Byron. He seemed never weary of reproducing this same dark figure, clothing it, however, at each successive reproduction, in some new costume, and surrounding it by peculiar and startling circumstances.

This absence of dramatic power is further seen in the manner in which his characters are developed. They constantly tell us of the depth of their misanthropy or remorse, but we are never permitted to see its spontaneous and irrepressible workings, as in the creations of the great masters of dramatic art. It is not necessary for Timon to tell us, in a set speech of a dozen lines or more, all his fierce consuming hatred of his kind; it is the inspiration of his every word, and breathes in his every curse; it is the exhaustless fountain of the poisons on which his spirit feeds, a "marah which is never dry."

Nor does Lady Macbeth announce that conscience is torturing her with its scorpion stings. The fact, like the character, unfolds and betrays itself.

But if Byron fails of dramatic effect, he excels as far in his powers of description. Possessing a despotic command of expression, and exquisitely alive to the beautiful in all its forms, whether in nature or in art, he clothes every object which his pen has touched, with a freshness and a beauty unequalled perhaps by any other writer. The love of nature with him is a "passion and a feeling," and his delight is to arrest her evanescent hues, and chain them to his page by the matchless power of his language. And when he yields to this love its full influence upon his faculties and upon his heart, the dark current of his soul seems cleansed and purified; he forgets himself and his dark, bad genius, and ceases for a time to brood upon his wrongs and his misanthropy. At such times the native beauty and symmetry of his intellect reveal themselves in passages of a serene and quiet loveliness, strongly in contrast with the usual fierce impatient current of his thoughts. As in the lines:

"Clear, placid, Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. Once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

"It is the hush of night, and all between
The margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more."

Such passages as this are sprinkled like oases all over his writings, and show at once his high powers, and their perversion ; so that we are ready to exclaim in the words of the Abbot, over Manfred's sins, "this should have been a noble creature." It is in such moods as this, when the external world exerts a soothing and tranquilizing influence upon his strong misguided passions, that he displays in an eminent degree the true poetic power, "the vision and the faculty divine." His gloomy egotism, that clog to the full exercise of his genius which so often intrudes to mar some picture of beauty or sublimity, is absorbed and forgotten as imagination calls up in quick succession the weird forms of by-gone ages, or peoples with its own creations the poet's world. He mused upon the plain of Marathon, and

"The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow ;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plains below,"

the present and the past, the world of sense and the spirit's inner world, all combined in perfect union, to form the image which was present to the poet's thought. He "stood within the Coliseum's wall, midst the chief relics of almighty Rome" and though "from out the Cæsar's palace came the owl's long cry," yet imagination

"filled up,
As t'were anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old."

He saw before him the dying Gladiator, and shared with him his vision of the distant Danube, "where were his young barbarians all at play and their Dacian mother."

There is perhaps no single passage in all his writings, which more fully illustrates Byron's fine poetic sensibilities, his passionate love of nature, and the whole tone and tenor of his life and character, than his apostrophe to ocean, commencing,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

There is something noble and appropriate in the very sound, so that we can almost fancy the majestic swell of the verse, like the “smoothlipped shell,” to express “mysterious union with its native sea.” And the closing lines, descriptive of the swimmer’s buoyant joy as he “wanton[s] with the breakers, borne like their bubbles onward,” express at once his passionate love of external nature, and that fierce, impetuous love of freedom, that impatience of restraint which was so essential an element of his nature.

But that which must at once strike even the most cursory reader of Byron, as the prominent characteristic of his poetry, is its fierce intensity of emotion and expression. Himself the creature of impulse, and borne along by every gust of passion, whatever he writes is penetrated and glowing with the feeling which for the time controls and animates his faculties and his energies. No writer was ever more perfect master of the language of the more violent passions of man’s nature. And in this, as in almost everything else, he draws from the exhaustless fountain of his own heart, and paints passion as he himself has experienced it. His love is madness, ecstasy—his anger, fury—and his scorn, withering as the breath of the deadly Upas. Where his own real or imagined wrongs are the inspiration of his muse, we are astonished at the depth and intensity of feeling which words can express. His verse is like a volcanic torrent, fierce, hot, resistless ; beautiful as the livid lightnings, and terrible as beautiful.

Satire he loves for its own sake, and is for this reason more perfect master of all its weapons. His wit sticks at nothing, from travestying his own poetry, to scoffing at the most sacred emotions of the human heart. Throughout that miracle of beauty and of ribaldry, "Don Juan," there is scarcely a passage of tender and touching loveliness but is succeeded by some coarse simile or mocking jest, as if to show the unspeakable rottenness of the best that earth can boast. He presents the enchanted cup to our lips, only to dash it, ere half drained, to the ground.

But we must not infer from this that his talents in this direction were always thus prostituted. No writer ever lashed more mercilessly the sins and follies of his time. It mattered not that he himself was often guilty of the same vices as those at which his blows were aimed. Inconsistency was a part of his existence. Guided solely by impulse, he seemed resigned to the conviction, that his own course must often conflict with his opinions, and determined that this should in no wise hinder the free and unrestrained expression of the latter. The "*argumentum ad hominem*" as aimed at him, had no power whatever. He did not hold himself amenable to the laws which men acknowledge in their associations with each other, but stood, or wished to stand, *alone*. In accordance with this idea, his satire was leveled at all forms of abuse and their defenders, in State, in Church, and in society at large. Himself an aristocrat, and foolishly alive to the distinctions attendant upon nobility, he yet hurled his sarcasm relentlessly into the ranks of the aristocracy, and fought fiercely in defence of the rights and privileges of the masses.

These remarks bring us naturally to a consideration of the general features of Byron's character, as exhibited in his writings. It is impossible, as has been intimated, to combine the opposing elements, and form of them a consistent whole, simply because no such consistency exists.

He has been aptly called the spoiled child of nature and of fortune. His heritage was genius, beauty, and noble birth. He seemed formed of better clay, and in a more exquisite mould than ordinary mortals. In him passion, imagination, sensibility, were all heightened and intensified, and his susceptibility to external influences therefore proportionally increased. He, of all others, required some forming and guiding hand, to shape symmetrically his impetuous, yet pliant spirit, and direct aright its aspirations after truth. Such an influence would have changed immensely, though not indeed essentially, the character of his writings. He would still be pre-eminently the poet of passion, but of passion chastened and purified; still the poet of nature, but his love of nature, where it is now passionate and sensual, would be meditative and thoughtful; his verse would still breathe poetic fire, but the fire which warms with its genial glow and not that which consumes.

We would not be understood by this to mean, that all the errors of his personal and literary career, were due to these faults of early training. On the contrary, the very fact that he yielded to such an extent to these influences, indicates a radical defect in his moral and intellectual constitution. There is a striking contrast in this respect between Byron and the more philosophical Wordsworth. The mind of the latter is self-poised, and fixed in its reliance upon known principles; that of the other is characterized by lack of *faith*, "carried about by every wind of doctrine," and tending constantly toward universal skepticism.

We deem it a further indication of this weakness in the constitution of Byron's mind, that he neglected entirely in manhood, as well as in youth, that strict and persevering discipline of his powers, without which, no man, whatever his natural abilities, can be truly great. He was not fully aware of the influence for good or evil

which a great poet exercises, and the consequent responsibility resting upon him; but was conscious only of a blind, aimless power within him, in which he delighted purely for its own sake. In a word he possessed a mind brilliant, active, and powerful, but not comprehensive.

Such, as imperfectly set forth, we believe to be the prominent and distinguishing features of Byron's character, as a poet and a man of genius. A place in the first rank of English poets he certainly does not deserve, but in the second he stands almost without a peer.

WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

That wars and fightings are found among us, that they come hence even of our own lusts which war in our members, and that they are active agents in the progress of man, either as helps or hindrances, are *facts* not to be denied. The question *we* propose to consider is, have they been beneficial in their influence, or in other words, have they tended to advance civilization?

From an analogy even in the effects of strife among men *intellectually*, we should prejudge that they have. From the light Christianity sheds upon the subject, we should judge that they *ought* to do so, and from history we feel warranted in saying that they *have* done so. We will then proceed to a discussion of the question on this general plan.

1. So far as *analogy* would prove anything, it certainly shows that the path of intellectual advancement is marked with continual strife. The propagandists of error are never so well pleased as when they are permitted to work in silence, or without interference, knowing well that

“never doth an important *truth* spread its roots so wide, or clasp the soil so stubbornly, as when it has braved the winds of controversy. There is a stirring and a far-heard music sent forth from the tree of sound knowledge when its branches are fighting with the storm, which, passing onward, shrills out at once Truth’s triumph and its own defeat.”* A fact illustrating this has been seen in the policy of the Romish Church toward her deluded eulogists. What has it been? Has *she* encouraged inquiry? Has she given them the open Bible, asking each to be his own interpreter? Or has not her course been the opposite of this, knowing that error’s friend is ignorance! She keeps the pool muddy and *tells* them of the pearls at the bottom, whilst they dive after them with a degree of faith surprising to a Protestant Christian.

A period of great “analysis,” of great sifting of the truth, was that at the close of the last century and beginning of the present; a new spirit seized the philosophers of all countries, sects and systems. A true consistent philosophy was the want felt on all sides. This one object *must* be gained, and to gain it, “the eighteenth century let loose tempests.” Humanity no more progressed except over ruins. The world was again agitated in that state of disorder in which it had already been once seen, at the decline of the ancient beliefs, and before the triumphs of Christianity, when men wandered thro’ all countries, without power to rest anywhere, given up to every disquietude of spirit, to every misery of heart.”† If the *result* of all this was not evident, our analogy would prove nothing, but the temple of modern philosophy is built upon the very ruins of these old schools, and its foundation stones are the truths which have been separated from the errors and survived them. Right principles were in all the schools, and it needed only the

*Augustinus Hieronymo.

†Cousin.

agitation to separate them from the wrong, and give a new starting point to philosophy.

Thus have great steps been taken, whose results show clearly that Intellectual wars exert a powerful influence in man's progress.

2. A young writer has called Christianity an essential of human progress, and then after contrasting it with war, very strangely infers that as they *spring from different motives*, and the one *does* advance civilization, the other cannot. That does not sound like Whately, and "the ring of the coin" betrays a counterfeit. He says further: "the true progress never was, 'till begun by Christianity, which taught the immortal progress of the soul." While we *would* not if we could, and *could* not if we would, detract from this exalted position, justly granted to Christianity, we must not forget the fact, that the very entrance of Christianity, that forerunner of true progress, gave rise to one of the most cruel and boldest wars ever known—man arrayed *in person* against God—man contending with the Almighty, who, for his own wise purposes, suffered a defeat of the *body*, for the growth of the soul in this very civilization, which could be brought about in no other way. Moreover, as to the growth of the *Church*, says D'Aubigné: "When the Church takes a new life, it is fertilized by the blood of its confessors, and being continually exposed to corruption, it has constant need to be purified by suffering;" and Holy writ sanctions this, saying: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God;" and still again: "Let them that suffer *according to the will of God*, commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing." Melancthon says: "*Plerumque ecclesia est coetus exiguus sustinens vanas et ingētes aerumnas.*"

We not only grant, but strenuously contend, that "Christianity opposes itself to war, the warring passions of the heart, the quarrels of communities, the organized

murder of nations," but it does this only in *individuals*, and here, *in fact*, its aim stops, for when the individual is righteous, the nation will be righteous.

The *farthest* end of Christianity was the breaking down of every *social* system, "It disclaimed all interference with it. It commanded the slave to obey its master. It attacked none of the great evils, none of the gross acts of injustice by which the social system of that day was disfigured; yet who but will acknowledge that Christianity has been one of the greatest promoters of civilization? and wherefore? Because it has *changed the interior condition* of man."* If men and nations are judged righteously, then must war, or some other agent as harsh in its ends, exist. How else would the punishment of *nations* be effected? *Men* may be and *are* rewarded or punished in the *future* world, and in this same far off eternity will they reach that crowning point of civilization begun here; but not so with *nations*. They must accomplish their whole labor and attain their highest glory in *time*; and history past, which we shall shortly consider, shows whether or not war, by thus dispensing its rewards and punishments, has been a weak instrument in the general civilization of Empires.

We would go even farther and affirm our belief that wars entered into the counsels of the Holy Father and were fore-ordained by Him, yet do we not make him the author of evil at all. His ancient people were a very warlike people, and when writers speak of them as such, it is not with the pride of enthusiasm, but as *inspired men*. See the very *servants* of the Lord, Joshua, Caleb, David and Josiah. These were his chosen ones—chosen for what? To be leaders of his people and *generals* of his armies, "to fight the battles of the Lord." The Israelites went forth, all of them, not as peaceful travelers, but as fight-

*Guizot.

ing men, to the number of six hundred thousand. Again God took part in wars himself and signalized his power by giving the victory to the *fewer* in number, as is seen in II. Chron. 14: 8-15. Passages in the Bible also confirm this opinion: "He teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." "Prepare war, make up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up." The Lord said unto me, "go up against this land and destroy it." "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, and it shall be no more until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." "Out of his mouth goeth a sword that with it he should smite the nations." "The kingdom and nation that will not serve me, *shall perish*." Christ speaks of "wars and rumors of wars," saying that these things must needs be. These quotations then show that God uses war as a means by which to advance his own interests with those of his people and kingdom. We would do the God of Providence great injustice, and insult his holy character, did we not believe and maintain that His hand rules in the storms of nations, making the wrath of man to praise Him. In His righteous anger he *destroys* nations, not as in the days of Noah, but by a partial overthrow.

Says a writer: "God is not, as we may gather from his providential dispensations, wont to advance his cause among the nations by *reformation*, so much as by *revolution*, not so much by their *conversion* as by their *destruction*."* It seems almost intuitive, that this growth of Christianity must be by war, for it and the reigning powers of this world are *enemies*, and Satan is not the coward to give up his dominions without a single stroke. His declaration is: "my sentence is for open war," and the path of Christianity being that of *highest glory*, must be marked with blood.

*Read's God in Hist.

Let us now consider what contributions History gives to the subject, and weigh its offering "in an even balance."

The palmy days of Greece and Rome have been spoken of as "golden ages in material and intellectual development," and what mean *they* but the hard earned prizes of protracted wars? Did the plains of Marathan witness no strife, whose result was a freedom from the chains of Eastern manners and religion? Did the straits of Thermopylae never drink that blood which nourished the plant of civilization? We are told Greece and Rome fell because Christianity were wanting, the key stone to the arch. We cannot see the connection and relative influence of these any more than in the thrice told story of the crowing of the cock and the rising of the sun; *they* always accompany, but exert no influence upon each other.

"The little States of Greece must be annihilated, or at least so absorbed in a great empire that all which they possessed of permanent value might be diffused over a great surface."

Then it seems *she* fell to become a new stepping to the temple of civilization.

Rome also fell, and for the same reason that *we* fall. She had filled her allotted time, and accomplished her work, which was ultimately the glory of God, in the advancement of the progress of nations. She was gathered to her people at a good old age, young in *years* truly, but old in results. "She had received and transmitted through her once ample dominion the civilization of Greece. She had broken up the barriers of narrow nationalities among the various States and tribes that dwelt around the coasts of the Mediterranean. She had fused these and many other races into an organized Empire, bound together by a community of laws, of government and institutions. Under the shelter of her full power, the

true faith had arisen in the earth, and during the years of her decline it had been nourished to maturity, and overspread all the provinces that ever obeyed her sway.”*

Time fails us to speak of the continual wars of the kings of Europe, in all whose singular results the careful student observes the Hand guiding the storm. He rides the waves, and when the end is at hand, cries to them “Peace, be still.” The defeat of the Spanish Invincible Armada determined at once and effectually, the question between Spain and England, which had so long been a bone of contention among the European powers—Protestanism or Romanism—civilization and freedom of mind, or barbarism and slavery of intellect.

Spain is a living, yet dying witness of the fact that civilization grows fat on blood. France gives herself as another, while the Danube is a witness against her of her defeat in an unrighteous cause. When we consider these things we are much surprised to hear any one herald the broad assertion: “Whatever of intellect, whatever of freedom in soul and thence outward to the forms of government, whatever, in a word, of true progress, material, intellectual, moral, *is then*—(in Europe)—comes from Christianity,” and yet deny the beneficial influences of the long wars which brought about this happy issue.

It seems like rejoicing over the newly moistened earth, so long parched under the blaze of the sun, and yet grumbling at the shower whose gift is the blessing. The same writer asks “does not *all mankind* feel that the great problem of human progress is not to be solved, like the Gordian knot, by Alexander’s sword!” We, a small part of mankind, do not think so or feel so and while history records the true actions of men, never can, no, not while history shows war to be a *necessity*, and yet was the French Revolution anything else? Could anything else have accomplished the part it was to carry out in the destruction of the absolute power whose injustice and cruelty

*Ranke’s History of the Popes.

are so deprecated by the writer just quoted! Not if we may accept the testimony of Carlyle, presenting his sad picture of the 18th century: "a century so opulent in accumulated falsities—said opulence descending on it by inheritance, always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement on such immensity of standing capital—opulent in that bad way as never century before was! which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that, in fact, the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution *had to end it.*" Its result, however, stamping a new era in the history of the world and its civilization, is too well known to need any further evidence of the fact that "its movement was noble, good and useful."

To that man who tells us of the grand destinies of intellect, marching in to the "music of angelic bands," and who calls it all the "victory of peace;" to him, we can't help saying: "look to the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged."

In *this* spirit, *we* look to our own beloved country with all an American's pride, and see her rapidly becoming "the most powerful nation upon the earth;" yet while rejoicing, we drop a tear for those who, fighting our battles, bequeathed us "our own, our native land," whose seed was their blood.

Let then the process of reformation and revolution go on, let the designs of good work themselves out in the exaltation of those whose spirit is that of righteousness, and in the destruction of that nation that will not serve him; then will the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" assume the law of the Lord converting the soul, and the statutes of the Lord, rejoicing the heart.

Then, our highest point of civilization being reached, *shall our peace be as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea.*

F.

SCRAPS.

As College Commencement now draws on apace,
And Seniors begin their lost steps to retrace,
Let's, like a poor mirror, with *little reflection*,
Oculis avium—take a short retrospection.

Of Fresh. and Soph. fizzles and rowles and cutes,
Of hay in the chapel or trees decked with boots,
Of gates off their hinges, of signs upside down,
(When milliners won, for their "oysters," renown,)

Of Freshmen smoked out, of newies "took" in,
Increased as to *sense*, but decreased as to *tin*,
Of horn sprees, of fires, of sprees every way,
"The less said the better," so we've nothing to say.

Such reflections are painful and therefore we say,
Underclassmen beware, and walk not that way,
Provoke not your tutors, their grades with their frown
For such *cuttings up*, will sure *cut you down*.

But rather come now, and we'll take a review
Of some studies we've studied, to be studied by you,
We'll not take them all, but glancing at some,
Will reveal to you treasures—come, Freshman—Soph. come!

First we studied the curves, as nice as could be,
With tangent and *secant* (which now I *can't see*),
And like to McClintock, or Kane and his mates,
Went searching for *polar co-ordinates*.

Ellipses and circles we drew on the slate,
With *normals*, in rather an *abnormal* state,
Equations being given with X. Y. and Z.,
We readily found out the locus of P.

The polyps we've caught and bisected, because
He can't die; *just as good as ever he was*,
Like the cannon of Pat, who thought when he found it,
'Twas naught but a hole with something around it.

The rocks we have studied, and mountains on fire
Which sullenly slumbered, or blazed forth in ire,
And like to a boy with a pain in his stomach,
Relieved themselves ditto—by taking a *vomick*.

We've called on the women, we've "took" the men in,
We've spread, stumped and fizzled, but won us a skin,
We'll mix then a glass of S. S. and H. O.
And drink, reader, to both "*Ego*"—"Non *Ego*."

X.

INTELLECTUAL INFANTS.

That every individual enters this world in a state of infancy, no one will have the hardihood to gainsay, and it is a fact equally patent and undeniable, that very many not only come into this life in an infantile condition, but remain in the same state during the whole of their existence. By this we do not wish to be understood as saying that their bodies remain in a condition of childhood, or that their muscles do not grow large and strong, and their bones become stiffened, and their sinews developed, but we *do* mean to say, that while their bodies are in a state of vigorous manhood, their souls are in complete intellectual infancy, and that although their forms and statures have reached those of moustached and bearded manhood, their souls are so minute as to be hardly discernable under the most careful and scientific researches of the microscope, and that while their bodies are carefully enclothed with dignified and venerable habiliments, their minds are still wrapped in the swaddling clothes of intellectual infancy. There is a certain class of men who increase and grow in corporeal strength, until, like the fabled hero of Grecian mythology, they can strangle lions and cleanse Augean stables, but who have not strength enough of mind to crush the smallest and most minute obstacle that should have the boldness to light upon them.

It seems, then, to be worthy of the time which it would employ, to examine so wonderful and at the same time so common a phenomenon, and to investigate the laws which govern it, as it *may* be of great practical importance.

Between the two components which go to make up the formation of the man, there is a strange and mysterious analogy. The necessities and requirements of the mind find their counterparts, in a great degree, in those of the body. In everything, from the smallest infusorial plant up to man, we see growth and gradual development, and there is nothing that leaps into perfection. The mind is no exception to this principle. The requisites for true mental growth and development, are nutriment and exercise, and in the neglect of these we may discover the cause of so much intellectual infancy. There are a few men who entirely neglect to feed the mind with any kind of useful information, and compel it to observe a continual fast day, until it is completely starved out, and has barely force enough to counteract the downward tendency of gravity. But these are rare. Providence has implanted in both our mental and bodily functions a strong instinct simply *to eat*, and there is spread out before our view such a wide and extended field of information, that they are very few who cannot summon sufficient energy to leap the enclosure, or at least to discover a gap in the barrier through which they can enter and graze.

Indeed, there are many who seem actually to know *too much*; who have gorged themselves so often with the dainties of intellectual repasts, that they have acquired a kind of intellectual obesity, and retarded and troubled by this, they waddle about between dyspepsia on one hand, and apoplexy on the other, with a sufficient degree of gravity, certainly, but crushing by the mere weight of their own minds any small ideas or thoughts which less learned men, by careful nursing, would have nurtured

into a highly creditable maturity. The mental productions of such men form a striking contrast to those of the class before mentioned. The first are thin, meagre, and spare, while the latter, although based on well founded thoughts or ideas, are cumbrous and awkward, and their beauties, if they possess any, are hidden by the mass of external deformities by which they are covered. Pope might have said, concerning these individuals,

“Such are but infants of a larger growth.”

If such could have been exhibited in Barnum's collection of infants, what a tremendous sensation they would have produced. But simply to eat is one thing, and to digest is another, and mental laziness is in strict accordance with mental fatness.

To think, we therefore say, is the great requisite for mental growth, as it affords at the same time both nourishment and exercise. It enables the life current of thought to course more rapidly through the veins; it heats the soul to enthusiasm, as exercise warms the body; imparting life and animation, it strengthens the muscles, until they become as massive and sturdy as the arm of a blacksmith; and it enables the mind in all cases to rely on nothing external for aid, but to fall back with pride on itself. By this alone can man free himself from the puerilities of childhood, and this alone constitutes the differentia between man and a brute. Examine some of the works of a great earnest thinker. He has forged upon the anvil of his brain sparkling ideas, the scintillations of which, spreading all around, cover him with a halo of renown. He strikes while the metal is hot, and like the thunder-bolts forged by Vulcan for Jove, his thoughts go forth heavy, strong, red hot, and well wrought for immediate use.

But there is an exceedingly large class who have no taste for, and consequently no enjoyment of, such ener-

getic thinking, the mere excitement of which jars the delicately strung chords of their frames, and sends their nerveless soul to seek for refuge in the seclusion and quiet of their own bed-curtains. Such persons would be borne on beds of down through this world, and would be delighted if they could escape all the bustle and excitement which prevents life from becoming an empty meaningless dream. They would have themselves only rocked in the arms of the gentlest of nurses, fanned only by the soft and soporific zephyrs of summer. They rejoice greatly when they have escaped the perils of whooping cough and measles, and shudder with unfeigned horror when they find that the stern realities of life must be met and the puerile enjoyments of their second childhood must be attempted.

Taking a brief view, then, of this subject, we are led to conclude that there is in life much to stimulate. It has been always a common metaphor with poets and idle dreamers, to liken the world to some old, time-honored, and dilapidated castle, situated in the midst of some romantic glen, and half hidden by the foliage which surrounds it, beneath the pleasing shade of which we can recline, and gazing *stupidly* on the mouldering walls, like the breeze sigh away our sentimental existence among the ruins which are constantly reminding us of our mortality and the brevity of life. But can this be a picture of a man who uses the faculties placed at his control? Is this a true representation of the career of one who sees God in everything, and who thinks well on any of the numerous questions that come up before him? No! this is not a likeness of the age we live in, and if we desire to keep pace with the world, we must think, and think correctly.

The age can be better compared to one of those gigantic manufactories, where running water turns the ponderous wheel, where in every shuttle and buzzing spindle

we see the triumph of thought over the forces of nature, and where, amidst cranks and levers, we may find the very centre of life, action, industry, and progress. Connected with the great wheel of time, is all the machinery of this world's civilization, and its ceaseless hum rises to every ear that listens.

Looking around us on every side we find that thought is the great lever of progress, and that to think is the great characteristic of the age. The period of superstition has passed away, and that of knowledge arrived, and let us not, by neglecting the means that are at our command, become vandals in the realms of literature. Let us not give the name of full grown men to those who are not led to think by the very fact of their existences, and who find in life no stimulus to exertion, no motive to action. These have the form of humanity, but possess not the stature of the man.

C. A. M.

“WHAT IS THE USE OF IT?”

College life, in its various phases, in its nature and in its tendencies, in its good and in its bad results, has ever been a subject prolific of comment. Some have indulged in the language of unmerited panegyric, and others have thundered in tones of unqualified abuse. We propose to offer no very startling truths, we do not wish or expect to exhibit any reward, or to give the evidence of careful study in the following lines. We merely desire to indite in a careless manner—a few ideas which have been suggested by our own experience. College has been defined as a “place where young men are apt to learn every thing

but that which professes to be taught, although that which professes to be taught falls very short of what a modern gentlemen ought to learn." According to the light in which we accept this definition, it will be found to be either true or false. If we look upon Colleges as institutions where one is to obtain an accurate knowledge of what are considered the branches of a liberal education—where we are to become grammatically exact in the declension of nouns and the inflection of verbs—where we are to get a mathematically precise idea of the difference between "ever so little" and "never so little," where we are to awake to the full consciousness of the fact methaphysical that "we know what we know," and "we feel what we feel" &c., "*ad infinitum et nauseam*," then we pronounce it to be absolutely, rigorously true. But, if, on the other hand, we regard Colleges as places where we get other knowledge than that of books—where we are to learn something besides *learning*, where truths are to be inculcated not all theoretical, where we will acquire that which though not the incentive to a life of pedantry, will be the material from which we can live a life of charitable utility, then we must declare it false—because restricted. If restricted that is, if not comprehensive, no one knows too little logic not to see its fault.

The whole question depends upon the theories we may have concerning the requisites for a "modern gentleman's" education. If we think that they are to be found in a technically correct and deeply seated acquaintance with Latin, Greek, Math.—&c., then College is not the place for him to obtain his education. But if, on the contrary, we believe one to be educated when he can with honor to himself and benefit to his country, engage in any of the professions of republican life—when he possesses that practical learning which will keep him from being cheated, and that honor which will not allow him to cheat another—such an education he can obtain best by a College

course. If our institutions of learning were yearly sending out Parrs & Bentley's, if those who are "dubbed" A. B., really knew what the Anglified latin laudations of their diplomas certified, we should in a short time be going to weed from our very luxuriance. We live too fast—talk too fast, fight too fast, and die too fast, but don't let us add to this climactic lists of national faults, that of *learning too fast*. What would become of us if from our different seminaries of learning there were yearly pouring out a crowd of real scholars? Why the American Senate would become before their eyes the Roman Forum and the Athenian Bema. We should believe in the transmigration of souls, hearing in the nineteenth century Cicero haranguing against Cataline, and Demosthenes inveighing against Philip. The speeches of such men to the masses would be unmitigated, incomprehensible nonsense. Their theories developed into our political system, would very soon demonstrate, what is now contended, that a republican form of government is Utopean, gaudy and glittering in profession, but practically an impossibility.

But, happily for us, such is not the case. The diploma is only a guarantee, that he who possesses it has gone through the requisite number of years, has passed his senior final—possesses a moderate knowledge of what has been taught, and has not been caught in a violent or expulsive breach of *the Laws*.

Of course, every now and then, there will be one or two, whose mental habit will force them to delve deeply into College studies. Fortunately they never leave the Academic groves—after graduation, they are to be found in the professorial chair, nightly exhuming erudition from the sacred dust of ages, producing a resurrection of names, dates or facts—with which to awe and delight their hearers.

This fact, namely that American Colleges do not make scholars, has given rise to the unwarrantable and

wholesale declaration, that they are places where idleness is encouraged, immorality fostered, high hopes crushed—generous impulses thwarted, and rare talent sacrificed. To this we cannot assent. We will briefly consider the two specific objections to a College course—which have arisen out of it.

First, because the American Colleges do not produce scholars, therefore those who go to them, return having learned nothing. Beautiful rhetoric—faultless logic. Because a man who is worth a million is considered rich, he who is not, though possessing some thousands, must necessarily be poor. Because one cannot write lengthy articles on the particle &c., because he has not waded through the insufferable tedium of interterminal German notes, and cannot tell whether we find the purest Latin in the orations of the eloquent Tully, or the light odes of the convivial Horace—therefore his capacity to translate the Greek and Latin languages is of no benefit. If our Colleges desired to make its students technical scholars—the Freshman year should be devoted to learning the rules for the increment of nouns. The Soph. could be occupied with mastering the principle which regulated gender. The Junior should be spent in explaining the phenomenon that some nouns of the third declension have their ablative in e, others in i. Then the Senior, increasing the dignity of the study with the years of the student, ought to be employed in finding out the vexed question, whether the original number of nouns governing the accusative were twenty-five or twenty-six. So at the time of graduation our progress in one branch would have been startling. No doubt, if conducted on the same principle, it would have advanced “*pari passu*” in all. Such questions, as the above, have been wisely left to those who have time, money and foolishness enough to inquire into them. We learn here enough Latin and Greek to read the language with pleasure and profit, we

study Math. sufficiently to know more than that twice two make four, pay too much attention to Astronomy to attribute the rising of the sun to the crowing of the cock, and finally do not become so ignorant of metaphysics as to embody everything in the *non ego*—or regard it as the emanation from the *ego*. We can, after we leave College, mingle with our fellow men both to their and our own advantage.

Next as regards the charge—that Colleges are dens of iniquity—tainted with everything impure—gardens in which every virtuous flower withers and where every vicious plant flourishes. We cannot deny that in them some have laid the foundation for a life of misery and a death] without hope. But there are exceptions, and to take their cases as a basis for the above assertion, is about as sensible and fair as the reasoning of that Englishman who characterized the Americans as a nation of bowie-knife drunkards—having seen one man drunk and displaying the knife. The course of study—the associations that surround—and the thoughts which are suggested by a College course, all tend to make it exert a strongly formative influence. But this influence is good, rather than otherwise. Colleges are the best places to teach one that all-important thing, *himself*. Instead of destroying the good impulses of our nature, the life develops and nourishes them. It robs the vain man of his conceit. It gives confidence and assurance to the diffident.

Thus we are willing to say—that the American collegiate course is not only beneficial, but necessary. What it is that exercises this good influence it is impossible to say. What circumstances, what causes, what associations, form any character cannot be specially named. The character must be judged—and from its nature, must be conjectured the general idea of what formed it. The fact, that we do not here become profound scholars—

exact mathematicians, subtle metaphysicians—we think is an advantage, rather than otherwise. To lead a life of utility—a man must not necessarily have penetrated so deep into the science of “conceivable things” as to become eloquent on an algebraic equation, or to go in raptures over the poetry said to be implicated in the idea of a straight line. To enjoy a life of literary culture one need not “scan latin with a critic’s ken, or translate a daily into Greek.” To carry yourself successfully through an argument—the “dilemma,” the “sorites” and “*reductio ad absurdum*” need not be always present to the mind.

The man who goes forth armed with the practical education of the American College, will do more good than the scholar who sends forth his dainty periods from the study.

“Too much learning makes a man a fool,” and a fool is of no possible use to himself or others. Happy for us and fortunate for his reputation, Shakspeare knew “little Latin and less Greek.” He is now accessible to all—and like the preacher—who preaches Christ—not himself in doctrinal disquisition, appreciated by all—useful to all.

A College course forms and fosters friendships true and lasting, instils national sentiments and thereby binds our country together in community of affection as well as identity of interest. The contact of different persons—from different localities—with different thoughts and feelings, is mutually harmonizing. The characteristic of the American mind—like the policy of the American nation, is absorption. In Colleges we absorb the good of others and generally lose the bad of ourselves. There fault corrects fault—error conquers error—and extreme remedies extreme.

What Colleges will do—what they have done—judge by their graduates—in times of peril—in moments of emergency—they have ever proved true and fit. Their

alumni have filled every station of public trust and private responsibility. And if this is true of Colleges in general—very true is it of Nassau Hall in particular. In the presidential chair, in the cabinet, in the national councils, in the pulpit, as the foreign envoy, on the bench—they have ever striven fearlessly for what is right and useful. Yearly from the halls of learning go forth men of educated thought, of strict integrity, of Union feeling and national principle. As these are the nation's pride and safety, so should the institution which produces them be the nation's care and property.

DEATH'S TRIUMPH.

And must she die, ah awful tho't! must our loved one from us fly,
And in thy dark embrace, though now so fair, forgotten lie?
Oh, spare her, Death! in mercy spare her tender form,
Draw back thy poised spear, stay the fury of thy wrathful storm;
'Tis vain! that hectic flush shows life's flames burn bright, but fast,
That hurried breath too plainly tells her hours are flitting past,
Soon she must lie down; ah how quietly! nor sigh, nor fear,
And clay elods shall cover o'er that form that's now so dear.

All that cloud of golden hair, which mist-like shrouds her head,
Uncombed, uncured, will flow neglected round her burial bed,
And horrid ghouls, and spiteful spirits, lurke beneath her coffin lid,
And grin and smile; as if in joy, from 'neath their eyebrows red,
But yet her spirit pure and bright will not be near,
She will not see those hideous sights, those awful mutterings hear.

How solemn 'tis to stand beside the bed of death, and mark,
The spirit bidding fond farewell to earth, and going straight thro' the dark,
Like some lost child, who sees afar the lovely light of home,
And hastens to it, nor seeks for longer time to roam.
Thus death came one bright day in spring, and summoned her;
The birds were weaving fine the beauteous songs like gossamer,
The flowers were blooming fresh o'er grassy hedge—by streamlet clear,
And oh, the thought of death at such a time, was dark and drear.

And she was lovely as in all her queenly beauty, still she lay,
While the light, cowed and hushed, gently poured around its ray,
And the deep lustre of her eyes spoke words all animate with love,
As she looked up to the bright realms that shine above;
On one side *death*, clad in his rusty mail was standing near,
And gazing on her beauteous form; while clutched his hand his spear,
And an icy smile strode o'er his face, that made him look more fierce,
As he tho't how soon he would send "dust to dust" with one fell pierce.

Right o'er against him, close ranked as if to keep off the foe,
We stood—and watched the ebbing sands of life, how swift they flew!
And we could see her spirit passing hence before our eyes,
Could hear the flap of Seraph's wings that bore her to the skies—
Thro' the open window came the measured throb of the passing bell,
Poor foolish bell, all heedless if it ring for feast or funeral knell.
While the sweet flowers sent waves of fragrance floating soft thro' all,
And silence undisturbed crept o'er crape-hung bier and lonely hall.

And thou cold unrelenting Death, hast done thine unrelenting task;
Hast torn from the soul with thy harsh hand, the delusive mask
Which hope had so kindly given, to bid the unkindly thought,
That present joys must with result so sad be fraught,
There is one name less, tho' of't to be spoken it struggles hard,
One mound more 'mong the flowers and briars in the green church yard,
One vacant chair 'mid the family group, with its arms folded by
As does the laborer when his work is done, and night draws nigh,
Another harp touched by hands new taught to water its golden strings,
Another voice, new tuned to hymn, 'mong the ransomed sings—

W.

"BORES"—A RELIC.

In the early part of the present College session, the writer received through the post office a mysterious looking roll of paper, musty and yellow with age, which, upon opening, proved to be a manuscript, written apparently between twenty and thirty years ago. Accompanying the roll was a letter dated February 15, 1860, and bearing upon the outside the post-mark, in very illegible characters, of some town in the State of Virginia. This

letter purposed to be written by a graduate of Nassau Hall. And its contents were to the effect that, the writer of it, being a spiritualist, had been solemnly adjured in a dream, by the spirit of a dead friend, to insure the publication of the manuscript above mentioned, which manuscript the deceased friend had written many years ago, when he also was a student in this institution. The writer of the letter, after a few words in regard to the propriety of having the manuscript make its first appearance in "the Magazine at Princeton," dwells at some length upon the virtues of the unknown author, unknown at least to fame, and closes his letter with an eulogy upon his productions and the expression of the hope that they may accomplish much good in "the world at large as well as the world of college." Whether or not the spiritually inclined friend is to be trusted in his estimate of this singular production, we are unable to say. We can only hope for the best, though "our doubts are traitors" even to our hope. Upon the outside of the manuscript is written, in quite large letters, which remind one of John Hancock's signature to the Declaration of Independence, the following title:

"Odds and Ends of College Life." The subject matter consists chiefly in a series of essays upon the character and habits of students, many of which are not without some pretensions to merit; while through all there runs a vein of quaint sarcasm quite refreshing in this milk-and-water age of ours—age of congressional and popular "mills." As it would be almost impossible to publish all these essays, we have chosen the following portions of one entitled, "What we think of Bores." With fear and trembling do we submit it for the first time to the public gaze. It opens as follows:

"A strange world is this we live in and many strange animals there are that ceaselessly wander up and down in it; animals, too, of the rational bipedal species;

‘forked radishes with heads fantastically carved.’ What these same forked radishes really are, has, indeed, been matter of doubt and speculation for many long ages; and in spite, it would seem, of French Academies and Royal Professorial Chairs, the doubt and speculation were likely to continue yet many ages longer.

“What, indeed, can French Academies of science, moral or otherwise, accomplish over and above stringing together vague, unsatisfactory generalities, which rather stultify than excite and arouse inquiry! You are welcome, learned *savans*, ingenious marshals of generalities, to all your research affords you; but for ourself, the true study of man seems rather to be the study of heart: of individual character. We go out into the crowded thoroughfare of some one of the world’s great cities, and as the throng sweeps past us, we read in unmistakable characters—in furrowed brow, and compressed lip, and glaring eye, the progress of human passions and human weaknesses. But we forget: we have no intention of inflicting upon you, O reader, be you gentle or otherwise, the plan of our humble philosophy. We only desire to give you some of its feeblenesses. Therefore, like well-fed kine in a rich pasture, we will be satisfied with daintily cropping a few sweet morsels here and there, if, indeed, such pasture can be called rich, and such morsels sweet. However it may be, we will have done with French Academies and the like.

* * * * *

“A bore! What inexhaustible gossip pabulum have we here! Pabulum that shall last through all time! What an invaluable mine lies buried beneath the upper-crust significance of this single word, wherein for long years yet Dryasdust and his companions may find sufficiency of toil! O thou ‘ghastly gaunt and grim;’ veritable stone of Sisyphus; thou bore, thou hast haunted us from childhood’s earliest dream. Long have we made you our

study ; long watched you with marveling gaze, striving to solve the problem of your existence. But our research has proved almost totally unavailing, and we confess ourself utterly at a loss to account for the *how* of your existence, and wholly oblivious to the *wherefore* of your infliction upon mankind. But, however we have failed of accomplishing our main object, we feel that for what we have done much gratitude is due us from all posterity. For we have so laid open your specious, meretricious disguises that, but little or no difficulty will there be in discovering the cloven hoof before it be too late.

* * * * *

“Posterity, thou unhappy scape-goat of the present time, we herewith commit to your care and for your special benefit, these few observations upon the *Die Sitten* of the most detestable of all vertebratæ—bores. We divide them into four classes or varieties. Of the first, which we are pleased to call the cork-screw variety, take our word for it, O child of posterity, they are of all things living most deceitful. By nature amphibious ; living in two atmospheres. Dangerous indeed are these insinuating cork-screws, for they tap our most precious secrets and mercilessly lay them open to the public gaze. They are veritable will-o-wisps, leading us into all kinds of unsuspected quagmires and sloughs of despond. Their modes of attack are various and subtle. Perhaps the individual specimen with whom we have to deal, under cover of favoring darkness, taps confidentially at our ‘oak,’ and in the blindest of voices, sweetly suggestive of small beer and ‘frys,’ requests the favor of our company at Gybe’s.* Or mayhap, having a patent-safe heart-side to his nature, this confidential *kork-zieher* has involved in his meshes some bit of be-hooped feminality,

*Is then the Gibe of to-day no myth ; no “airy nothing ;” but a palpable, tangible reality, with a “local habitation and a name,” and descendant, too, of some other palpable tangibility ?

and forthwith the important secret is confided to his "dear friend," who must in addition, bear witness to much murdering of the King's innocent English, committed by this same be-hooped feminality, in unmistakable 'Arnold' on the daintiest of 'cream laid.' Do you smoke? Here are cigars, questionable it may be as to quality; veritable *weeds*, but none the less cigars. Do you wish to walk? The omnipresent bore is at your elbow. These and a thousand and one other favors, so-called, are heaped upon you with the very plausible intent of forming an adamantine chain of friendship. But, O tortured, unhappy victim, you soon begin to blindly stagger under this accumulated load of obligation, and are fain to pledge your honest democratic vote for 'the ticket,' (for mark you, nine out of every ten of these gentry are either leaders or feelers of a political party). You, O reader, may think it no unpleasant thing to be bored thus. But for us it is intolerable. We place but little value upon indications of friendship such as these. And yet how heartily, nay happily, would we cry: *Vive la cork-screw!* if by so doing we could insure the utter annihilation of all those bores who come under our second classification, and whom we dub the silent admiration variety. Surely you know these, good reader, for their name is legion. In the crowd and confusion of the highways of public life, and in the quiet by-ways of private-life, they seem the only familiar object; the connecting link between the two. They come into the outer vail of your sanctuary and 'sit down upon you,' and Gorganize you until every latent passion of loathing and contempt within you seems almost running over, and an irresistible desire possesses you to give them vent in unmistakable 'bootings' of the stuffed broadcloth before you. As for conversation, you were better off in that 'aching void' the poets sing of, for like the inspired ass of old, this bore has but a limited vocabulary

of vocal sounds, and these uttered with an unwarantable view to economy. Sitting opposite you at table, this Gorganizing embodiment of silence, with open mouth, seems to envy the very morsels of bread the pleasure of passing down your alimentary canal. With what ineffable pleasure could we consign him to some such fate, as indeed mentally we do, and turn with relief to the contemplation of that strange compound whom we are pleased to call the irrepressible conflict variety of bore. At all unseasonable hours of the day he is sure to be at your door with a *rap-tat-bang, b-a-n-g*, and a roar rivaling the celebrated bulls of Bashan. You mechanically admit him; and if before he is seated he has not dislocated the joints of every chair in the room, smashed your looking-glass into atoms, and liberally irrigated the carpet with the contents of the spittoons, you may reasonably infer that there is something the matter with him. When seated he occupies himself in cutting his name in sprawling capitals on such pieces of furniture as are nearest at hand, varying the monotony of the employment by displaying his powers of expectoration in firing at the eyes of the pictures, which may adorn your wall. He is always ready to talk politics, invariably taking the opposite side from yourself, and generally proposes in the end to settle the question by a rough and tumble fight. He is gifted with a most astonishing degree of good-nature and a happy obtuseness on all points of honor. The only way yet discovered to get rid of him is by strangulation, as everything short of that only serves to heighten his good-nature, and consequently doubles his persecutions. But exit irrepressible conflict. Of our fourth and last variety of bores—the Epicurean—we can say but little. We question, however, if to a well-educated person there is anything more revolting than to hear a rational creature, made in the image of God, descanting by the hour upon the consistency of gravy, or the lusciousness of a pastry.

Often indeed have we been obliged to lend an unwilling ear to one of these ‘*ex Epicuri grege porcus*,’ as, with evident gusto, he recited to us yesterday’s bill of fare——”

Reader, thus suddenly is snatched from our view, like a very Ignis Fatuus, the last *morceau* of this strange Salmagundi. Bitter and wholly unpalatable it may have been to you, as indeed we cannot but confess it has been to us. But in our bosom now dwells that peace and complacency which alone is the fruit of duty performed, no matter at what cost. Farewell.

TEUFELSDROCKH, JR.

THE STUDENT.

To an inquiring mind, the College of New Jersey lays open a vast field for research and discovery—not merely in the departments of Science and Philosophy—but in the far more fascinating domain of stratagem and intrigue. To one uninitiated in the *arts* and *artifices* of a College life, it may not be uninteresting to pierce the vail which separates that remarkable species of humanity—the Student—from the world at large, and contemplate his habits and pursuits. The Student—not the creature of poetry and fiction—not the fabulous individual who “consumes the midnight oil” over musty folios, and spends his days in decyphering ancient hieroglyphics—but the actual living, smoking, walking, swaggering Student of the present day; such as you may find two or three hundred of in our very midst—is an animal of the biped genius. He varies from three and a half to six and a half feet in length, and from six inches to two feet in breadth. His hair is long and he has a segar in his mouth. His upper lip is ornamented with a scanty

undergrowth, resembling the down upon a ripe peach—only *colored—deeply* colored, (impatiently looking forward to the title of “Bachelor of Arts,” he eagerly substitutes, until that time arrives, the art of Bachelor). His gait is slow, but sometimes unsteady, the centre of gravity being disturbed in such instances by the too great weight on one side, occasioned by a flask in his coat pocket. His boots are small—so small as to excite wonder in the speculative mind as to how his feet ever got into them. His dress varies as the square of the distance of his home from the nearest great city. But trusting to the popular information for any further particulars respecting the appearance of this interesting creature, we propose to notice some of his peculiar habits—especially as connected with the supposed end of his existence—i. e., study. Now it may to the uninitiated seem strange to introduce, under such a head as that just mentioned, “the art of horsemanship,” but this is entirely owing to their want of information; and it so happens that this art forms a principle portion of the course of study pursued by this class, as will be seen in the sequel.

It is now proposed to convey the reader to the very spot where he may see for himself the truth of the last statement. Let him attend to the words of the historian :

On a dark and dismal day in the month of April, when the rain was pattering with melancholy sound upon the ancient walls of an antiquated edifice, in the retired spot known as Princeton; in a most damp, doleful and disagreeable apartment, redolent of strong tobacco; there might have been seen—had any mortal’s eye penetrated those sombre walls—a solitary horseman (!) plodding his weary way through wastes of “untrodden deserts,” and “rugged waving shores.” He was muffled in no dark cloak, and wore no “sombbrero” hat—but clad in a most disgustingly shabby dressing gown—out at elbows—

ripped up in the back—torn as regards the lining—perforated with burnt holes—embellished as to every part with cuts; wearing a touchingly dilapidated skull-cap, perched upon the tip end of the uppermost hairs of his head, which ornamental appendages streamed down in locks of fabulous length; upon his upper lip, a moustache—sickly and slender—suggestive of his intellect; this solitary horseman sat—upon his steed? Nay—little benefit would he have derived from such a use of his charger—he sat upon a chair! His snorting courser lay upon the table beside him! It is lamentable, indeed, to be obliged to descend to so exceedingly unromantic a circumstance, but the fact is, the animal was only a *pony*! To see the beast reclining in silence and repose upon the table of his master, one would almost believe him under the influence of Rarey himself—but no—the horseman had ridden with similar steeds up the “hill of science” to the station which he now held. And yet more strange—there were at the very time not less than two hundred students engaged in the same manly exercise. By way of elucidating the subject, let us conduct the reader back some years, before such things as those just related were known.

There once lived in England a wonderful man whose name was *Bohn*. His reputation was world wide and his wealth was immense. Now it so chanced that this mighty Bohn possessed a rare breed of *ponies*—so rare indeed that the fame of this breed, reaching far across the broad ocean, won for him the title of *Buonaparte* among horse-fanciers—and even the inmates of the dingy edifice in Princeton became acquainted with this valuable stock, and imported many of the species. But there was one misfortune about these sleek and nimble steeds—and this was that after one had become accustomed to riding them, he found it well nigh impossible to travel with any degree of comfort, except with their assistance. Soon after the

renown of the mighty Bohn had reached the shores of Columbia, a rich and powerful citizen of America discovered and obtained possession of a similar breed of ponies—rivaling those of Bohn in beauty, and far surpassing them in point of cheapness. This powerful man was known as *Harper*. Now Bohn & Harper being anxious each to enlarge the sale of his own stock, were obliged to reduce their prices to the lowest figure. And it so happened that the ponies being obtained on very reasonable terms, the inmates of the dismal edifice, before alluded to, each owned one or more of the celebrated breeds. Double-barred gates in the secluded walks of Cicero, which were once insurmountable by these long haired inhabitants of the doleful edifice, were now leaped with ease. Parasangs of uneven country, over which it was necessary to conduct Cyrus, and which had hitherto been traversed with not a little pain and toil, were now galloped over with such rapidity as to leave no trace of what was left behind on the memory of the rider. Bloody battles in the Trojan war, lately so wearisome and disastrous, were now won without difficulty, by the fleetness of these gallant coursers. Their charger's names were somewhat remarkable—being exceedingly inconvenient, and immoderately long—for instance: imagine one calling to his horse “whoa, there, *Plato-translated-by-Cary*,” or “go 'long, *Aeschylus-with-Hermann's-emendations*.” The reader has by this time seen that horseriding must be an important part of the study among the class of humans, now under consideration—and the fact is, that there is little traveling done among the classics without the assistance of these convenient beasts.

Leaving now the subject of Equestrianism, we would conduct the patient reader, who has struggled thus far in this article, into another department of useful pursuit, namely, “The Application of the Principles of Mechanics to the Facilitation of Recitations and Examinations,” and

the first power being the *Rope machine*, it is proper to give that the primary consideration. Could the reader be placed on some occasions at a convenient distance from the hall in which these *students* are wont to congregate for a few hours at a time, for the purpose of writing upon paper what they know, or can obtain, of the study on which they are supposed to be examined, he might be surprised to see, slowly descending from that upper window, a cord, (tolerably extensible—though not of great weight), and attached to the end a printed page, bearing some such inscription as

EXAMINATION IN LOGIC.

If an acute observer, he might then discern the figure of a man approach this object—look carefully around—seize the paper—carry it off. By waiting still longer, he might distinguish the form of the same person returning—see him fasten to the extensible cord another paper—jerk the string, and retire. If he should keep his watch still longer, he might see the article hoisted in at the window—and presently a Junior with a beaming countenance issue from the walls of the stately edifice. It is difficult to account for such a proceeding, or to explain the meaning of it—but one conclusion has been derived from long observation, and this is that those who have seats near the window are the best scholars.

The *Bent Lever* also has its application. As made use of by these creatures, it consists of a crooked stick—sometimes a cane. The same searcher after knowledge who witnessed the last described operation, might at the proper time see another of this species prostrate upon his stomach, near the window of one of the lower departments, frantically fishing with his bent stick for a bit of paper, on which in pencil writing, might be found ten problems in Trigonometry. After abstracting the paper, he might be seen pursuing the same course adopted by the cord and pulley man. It has been suggested that this

machine should hereafter be called the *Bent Reliever*, in as much as its virtue consists in the relief occasioned to the unfortunate Sophomores.

Now did not the indulgent editor of this publication entertain the hope that sufficient space would be left by the author of this production for other articles, it might be further explained that these creatures are plainly inclined to make use frequently of the wheel and axle, by continually running off on the cars to the neighboring cities; but this subject must be content with a mere allusion. Also it might be shown how, in accordance with the first law of motion, if somebody's paper once gets started around the room at an examination, it will never stop, until forcibly arrested. But time and space will not permit, so patient reader we bid you adieu.

[The abruptness of this conclusion can, we think, be charitably accounted for, on the supposition that the writer's pony threw him and ran away with his remaining stock of ideas.

ED. NOTE.]

HERCULES' COMPLAINT.

B. C. 300.

One evening, as I, Sthenophilus, was taking my customary walk through these Academic groves, there occurred to me the sudden desire to visit our well beloved gymnasium. The scene presented on entering was one of melancholy beauty. The moonlight, streaming through open doors and windows, and, alas, O mighty Hercules, through cracks and crevices, revealed distinctly each well known appliance of the art gymnastic. Thereupon fell I to musing on our sad degeneracy, that amid surrounding improvements there should be erected so poor a

temple to our mighty patron. As thus I inwardly mourned over the spirit of the age, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Thinking that perhaps some grieving spirit like myself had thus been accidentally led to join in community of worship and to renew vows of devotion, I eagerly turned to welcome the unexpected visitor. But lo—instead of one similar in statue and mien to myself, there appeared one of mighty frame and magnificent proportions, whose bearing of calm, self-confident strength, no less than his mantle of lion's skin and his knotted club, betokened him to be none other than the great Hercules himself.

With eagerness did I hasten to pay my devotion. Most graciously did the hero accept it, and as he pronounced his benediction, said to me, his unworthy worshipper: "Right glad am I, O Stenophile, to receive in these degenerate days the service of even one follower. But why should not this building be daily thronged with attendant crowds? why should these parallel bars, so developing and invigorating, be well nigh deserted? why should my favorite weights so often hang idly from their pulleys and the health-giving rings be left to creak lazily in every passing breeze? Alas, for my worship. Not now do I receive such attention as my rank deserves. Would that there were many like to thee in faithfulness and zeal." To him did I reply: "Mighty patron, thou exaltest over much the devotion of thy humble servant. My service is in truth weak and marred with imperfection. Unworthy am I to hold converse with so august a hero. But since thou hast condescended to approach thus unexpectedly thy servant, grant, I beseech thee, still further favor and when thou returnest to the celestial abodes, implore of Jupiter, the mighty counselor, that he would put it into the hearts of his creatures to render thee offerings more befitting thyself." To this the hero listened graciously and said: "Sthenophile, thy counsel is good.

I cannot remain longer, but must hasten on my rounds of visitation. Glad am I to have thus found so faithful a disciple. My favor rest upon thee. Know that already has the winged messenger of the gods revealed to me that soon will my worship here revive in its ancient strength, and all be as thou hast piously desired." Thus speaking, the hero vanished from my sight, and left me to meditate on his words, and his glorious promise. To you, my friends, have I ventured to reveal them, that you may, like myself, be encouraged, and feel that your service is not in vain.

Editor's Table.

To the friends of the Nassau Lit.—GREETING :

Seated in our comfortable apartment, and invested with the gown and slippers sacred to our office, with the Editor's table spread before us in "confusion worse confounded" of books and papers, we bid you a hearty welcome. The night without is cold and damp, so pray stand not on ceremony but enter, and join in a confidential chat upon matters and things in general, and College items in particular.

To a philosophic mind, there are two inquiries which well merit investigation. First—why it is that the Editor's Table should be read before anything else in the Mag. Secondly—why said Table should be expected to be a happy combination of qualities, which, if not absolutely inconsistent, are yet rarely found united. Thus the Editor, on assuming his robe of office, the gown and slippers aforesaid, is supposed to change thereby his mental constitution. His thoughts are to be drawn from the fountain of truth itself, embodied in the imagery of poetic fancy, and finally rendered grateful to the taste by their sparkling wit. No wonder then that he often feels dismayed. The thought of "Final" is not a circumstance to the stern reality that there is an end to all things, even to a printer's patience, and that sooner or later the "Rubicon" must be crossed, and his tender nursing meditations exposed to the searching gaze of College criticism. He can, in imagination, hear one reader after another vent his dissatisfaction in such comments as "nothing but nonsense," "Don't seem so very funny after all," "Think it's rather a fizzle," &c. One consolation alone remains: He can at least suit *himself*—glorious privilege—and, as a follower of Epicurus and Paley, enjoy the rewards of virtue in the consciousness of having done the greatest good to the greatest number possible.

Since it is the fashion in Princeton to talk about the weather, the Editor would like to express some of his ideas upon that all absorbing topic. Spring is upon us

in all its beauty. Nature is at last fully awake from her long nap, and feels ready for the summer's campaign. At such a time it is most pleasant to lounge under the campus tree, or, perched en dishabille upon the gymnasium horse, indulge in air castles and pleasant reminiscences, while the cool spring breezes circulate most gratefully through the cracks and broken windows of *Hercules' Temple*. We are of the opinion that it is good for men to be sometimes lazy. Let no one be driven from his meditation by the fear of "loafing." Shades of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, to you do we appeal from such worldlimindedness. Can you not rebuke this spirit of everlasting toil, and proclaim to an overworked generation, that friendship and every other good quality are evoked under the influence of rest and quiet enjoyment? Are we always to *do* and never to *be*? Well, who cares! This is the 19th Century and we are Americans, fast in every thing but sticking fast. So off with coat and hat. Swing high in the rings till we touch the beam, and make every rafter shake. Jump till the springing board feels stiff. Drive the ball home with one frantic rush, to the detriment of boots, shirts and buttons, and then, as we stand puffing and blowing from exertion, cry with true Moslem zeal: Great is work, and we are its followers.

While upon this subject of exercise, thus unconsciously introduced, we remark with no great pleasure that there is one peculiarly College sport, *viz*: boating, in which Princeton has no share. She must, it is true, overcome obstacles before boasting of her "navy." But we feel confident that they are not so formidable in reality as in appearance. If Bristed's description of English University life is to be relied upon, the inference is a safe one that Cambridge, whose rowers are the champions of England, has, in her diminutive Cam., a far less available stream than our Delaware and Raritan canal. We are fully persuaded, that could the consent of the company be once obtained, and especially the favor of the "powers that be," a reasonable share of that energy which is now expended in defining Squatter Sovereignty, or guarding intact the prerogatives of Junior Oratorship, would soon set afloat a navy worthy of Princeton, past and present. The exercise itself is a most manly one, and exerts a strong influence against dissipation, since it is a matter of experience that boating and spreeing are, physically at least, incompatible. For our own sake, we confess with regret that it is too late for the class of '60 to undertake the matter. They have let their opportunity go by. But for the sake of the College, we hope that it will not longer suffer delay, and recommend the men of '61 to take it up with Class spirit and enterprise. May prosperity crown their efforts and those of their successors.

The promised visit of Prof. Henry, so long an object of hopeful discussion to the Senior Class, has at last been paid. Concerning both lectures and experiments, it is needless to say more than that they were such as might have been expected. Among those who had the privilege of attending them, (for privilege it was), there seemed to be but one cause of regret, *viz*: that the course was so soon over. Prof. Henry's manner is not that of the so-called popular lecturers of the day. It is far above theirs--the style of a man who has things important to communicate, and needs not the graces of rhetoric to recommend them. On one occasion, which will readily recall itself at this bare suggestion, his manner, while speaking on a subject at once important and delicate from personal allusions, was really eloquent. His remarks owed much of their force to their perfect simplicity and freedom from anything like display. We feel confidence in asserting that the truth, as then revealed,

was doubly impressive, from the calm, manly and unprejudiced manner in which it was uttered. Thus much for an humble criticism upon a great man of our times. Prof. Henry needs no testimony to be assured that he carries with him the best wishes and sympathies of all true Princeton students, and of the class of 1860 especially.

Thanks are also due to the *Vigilance Committee*, for the satisfactory manner in which they discharged the duties of their office. Let no unwilling waiter on the Museum steps complain of his forced delay. A little reflection ought to convince him of the propriety of the measure. Whatever he may now choose to think, one thing is certain, if he had been a Senior at the time, he would have acted the same way. Among our catalogue of obligations, that due to the "Boring Committee" and business editor, must not be overlooked. Without their labors, the present number of the "Nassau Lit." would never have become a living thing. It would have had its existence only in the brains of its contributors, and thus many valuable offerings to literature and science would have been lost to posterity. The gratitude of the literary world is therefore due to efforts so successful.

Well, (or rather ill), it is time for every respectable citizen to be "stowed away." The neighboring clock draws near to its *striking* climax. Nothing is to be heard but the occasional click of pitchers put out for the morrow's ablutions, the scratching of the editorial pen, and the creaking of the editorial chair, which thus vents its dissatisfaction at being forced to keep such unseasonable hours. We take our valedictory *dip* into the inkstand, make one desperate attempt at some profoundly original thought, which is not forthcoming, console ourselves with the reflection that we have not got off any bad poetry, *stale* cutes or cribbings from our exchanges, (there were none to crib from), and being of a *retiring* disposition, (to this our friends can testify), sink peacefully to rest in the consciousness of waking up no longer

THE EDITOR.

Exchanges.

In consequence of the early time set for getting out the present number, only one exchange, The Printer, has as yet been received. If, however, any more come after going to press, they will of course be promptly responded to.

Class Exercises,



Monday, May 14th, 1860, 8 P. M.

Orator—	JAMES A. PEARCE, JR.,	Chestertown, Md.
Poet—	WILLIAM H. WRIGHT,	Somers, N. Y.
Odists—	DAVID F. DIMON,	Fishkill, N. Y.

Committee of Arrangements—	{	HARRISON T. JOHNSON, (Ch'n,)	Baltimore, Md.
		SAMUEL J. HUMPHRIES,	Columbus, Miss.
		SAMUEL K. DENNIS,	Beverley, Md.
		J. THOMSON OSLER,	Pottsville, Pa.
		JOHN S. CONDIT,	Newark.

Choristers—	{	JAMES W. ALEXANDER,	New York City
		CHARLES T. BERRY,	Dover.

P. P. C.

The Editors of the Nassau Lit. for the year 1859-'60, would now make their final salaam, ere the curtain drops and they are shut out from the busy scene of College activity. Varied and pleasant have been their duties; the performance of them, whether good or bad, is left to their readers' decision, who must not forget that to whom little is given, from them can be expected but little. To their College-mates, the Editors would give this parting advice: Remember that the honor of Old Nassau is entrusted to your keeping. See then that you watch over it zealously as over your own. To their classmates, they would say: You are soon to be men *in* the world; let none among you be men *of* the world, but go forth as earnest seekers after the true and the good, keeping the memory of '60 ever fresh in your heart of hearts.

WILLIAM G. UPSON,
WALKER S. BROWN,
HARRISON T. JOHNSON,
EDMUND D. HALSEY,

GEORGE M. GILL,
JOHN S. CONDIT,
S. THOMPSON CORN,
J. MORGAN HART,

Editors.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class, monthly, during term time. Each number will contain at least 48 pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes of \$10 each, for the best original essays, to be competed for by subscribers only. Their comparative merit will be decided by a Committee selected from the Faculty.

TERMS, (*invariably in advance*,) \$2.00 PER YEAR.

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Editors for the Present Session.

FEBRUARY,	GEO. M. GILL, Jr., MD.
MARCH,	JOHN S. CONDIT, N. J.
APRIL,	S. T. CORN, KY.
MAY,	J. MORGAN HART, PA.
TREASURER,	D. HENRY SMITH, N. Y.

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THE
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MAGAZINE.

1859--60.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

PRINCETON, N. J.

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